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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. FOUR STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

The days grow strange, the nights grow cool, The bees have left the clover The maple droppeth in the pool Its shady summer cover : All day the swallows southward flit, All night the wind sighs dreary,

And through the thin veil over it

The moon looks wan and weary The crisp leaves rustle on the path That slopeth to the meadow, The oak beside the lily-pond Drops down its naked shadow; The bared boughs at eventide On upland fells keep swaying, And deleful sounds through valleys wide At lonely hours are straying.

Three summer months to warm the heart, And then the chill frosts after-Three summer moons to dream of love-Some ninety days for laughter; And then the South doth end its reign-The north-winds clip our dreaming-The shadow droppeth once again, To end Love's empty scheming.

There is no strip of summer t lue But winter clouds blow over, There is no inch of sodden turf The white snow shall not cover No pleasant thing but has its end When sunny days are waning, No note of music for the lyre But endlessly complaining,

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA. No. 19. BLACKHEATH PARK, LONDON,

October 15, 1852. My DEAR M-: An unfortunate indisposition has prevented my finishing in due sea son the account of my little tour in Scotlandan indisposition which, though now past, has left a lingering lassitude which will, I fear, exclude all freshness and vigor from my present writing.

The morning of our leaving Edinburgh, though far from brilliant, was not stormy, or chill, and we were sincerely thankful for a ces sation in the pelting rain which had made "Auld Reekie," with all her modern beauties. so thoroughly dismal for the days of our visittaking a carriage, drove over to Abbotsford, some three miles. The country, though exceedingly pleasant, did not strike us as remarkably picturesque, and before we dreamed of such a thing, we were at Abbotsford, which from the road by a thick plantation. The grounds are very beautiful, and have, need say, a peculiar mournful charm in all their levely lights and shades of greenery, and leafy luxuriance, from the recollection that he, the immortal master, planned and planted, and found his purest, richest pleasure in adorning

The house itself is a superb, baronial-looking residence, strikingly picturesque in effect, and wonderfully in keeping with the mind and taste of the noble builder. It is one of the most natural productions of his genius. You could almost fancy it in all its varied forms of an tique beauty, quaint and strange, yet ever graceful and imposing—his light enchanting poetry and his glorious romance resolved int tone. It is a curious pile-an odd, yet not inharmonious assemblage of architectural ideas. half religious, half feudal, simple yet stately— the charming conceits and bold fancies of poetry and the spirit of olden romance, revealed in towers and turrets, arches and windows,

gables and chimney-tops.

The entrance hall at Abbotsford is not very large, but is exceedingly beautiful, and taste fully hung with armor, antlers, weapons, and interesting relics from many lands. the guide pointed to a glass case, which con tained the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, I saw nothing beside in this apart-ment. These brought the picture of the grand old man worn down and broken before his time, with wondrous vividness before me. could see him as he tottered about his grounds or sat in the shade of some favorite tree, with his faithful Willie Laidlaw-the great soullight in his eye dimmed with deepening mists, and his gigantic genius shrunken into a babe's bounded and bewildered capacity—I could see on his worn brow the troubled struggle of memory and thought, in his eyes the faint momentary gleaming of the old inspiration-but by the sweet, mournful smile of his wan lips, I could see, oh! nothing more, for the real tears which rained from my eyes seemed to hide the unreal picture of my fancy.

In the beautiful little study in which the

great novelist wrote many of his works, the air seemed surcharged with the living magnetand spoke low. I dared not approach his writing-table, and sit in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in.

But oh! how soon passed over my heart the Nowhere is the sense of antiquity so solemn chill returning wave of recollection, of reasongone, gone forever! dust, dust these twenty

The library, drawing and dining-rooms, are very elegant apartments, commanding some charming views. There are several fine pictures, by foreign artists, collected by Sir Walter; but of more interest to me were the family portraits. Of these, there are two of the poet, taken in his early boyhood, wonderfully like those painted in his manhood and old age. There is a handsome full-length likeness of the last Sir Walter, and several portraits of his sister, Mrs. Lockhart, whose son is the present master of Abbotsford. Of all the weapons curious and memorable in the armory, all the valuable relies, I was most moved by the sight of the pistols of Napoleon, Rob Roy's gun, and the sword of Montrose.

The wet state of the grass preventing our wandering about the grounds, we were obliged to return much sooner than we would have

chosen, to Melrose.

Melrose Abbey, we were disappointed to find in the midst of the little town, not far from the railway station; but we soon forgot this unromantic circumstance, when we found ourlves wandering under its grand pillared arches. it is a lofty extensive, magnificent ruin, retaining much of the architectural splendor, seulptural and decorative beauty, of its time of pride Giorious as it was to us, seen under a dull sky, louid not conceive of anything more awfully majestic, more surpassingly, religiously beautiful, than "fair Melrose," viewed "by the pale

some of the grandest old yews I have ever seen. It must have been a most imposing structure once, of great size and rare architectural beauty; but it is now a complete ruin-broken everywhere, desolated and ivy-grown—the most mournful, lonely, shadowy and solemn place I ever beheld. Yet is the spot lovely with a calm, still, religious loveliness. The deep silence here is not drear and awful, but reverential, prayerful; the loneliness is not sad, or oppressive; you feel that the present familiar world is only shut out—that the far, strange past may be brought near, and that the pres suce of Him who is "from everlasting to ever-

asting" may be more deeply felt.
Oh! of all places in the wide world, this surely is the one most meet for the last long rest of a poet, who in the midst of his glory had suffered and sorrowed deeply. As I stood by the simple tomb of Sc .tt, I felt that it was well that he should slumber there, with his loved ones beside him, in that lonely and quiet spot, where the moss and ivy creep over the moul-dering wall, and the winds sigh through the dering wall, and the white down the desolate broken arches and sweep down the desolate aisles. Had he died in his most happy and all the vigor and splendar of glorious days, in all the vigor and splendor of his powers, I would have said—let him lie in a gorgeous mausoleum in some stately minin the heart of a great town. But he shrank wearily away from the world in his last days; so should his grave be lonely. With cient shadows lie.

At Melrose my friend Mr. N- was obliged to leave us, and from thence Miss N- and myself pursued our way toward London in the interesting character of "unprotected females." We spent the first night at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stopping at a very quiet, home-like hotel, were exceedingly comfortable. On entering the town, in the evening, I had been water. As ever, yours, much struck by a brief view of a sombre old castle, which towered over the railway-built, the guard told us, in the time of William the Conqueror—and, immediately after supper, as the night was clear, I proposed to my friend a visit to an object of so much interest. The distance was triffing and our kind landlady gave us very careful directions; yet as the treets were crooked, and not very brilliantly lighted, we were obliged to arrest several errand girls in mid career, and press them into our service, as guides, before we attained to the lonely dark square, surrounding on three sides the massive and venerable old stronghold. Under a pale, uncertain moonlight, in that shadowy spot, the effect was awfully grand. The height of the great tower seemed stupendous—certainly not less than five hundred feet.

After this bit of romance and grandeurunting, we took a fancy to see something of the better and business part of the town. For this purpose we captured a small boy, and were by him safely piloted down swift Satur-day-night tides, and amid cross-currents of hurrying people, through several handsome streets, and past innumerable tempting shops. Our ostensible object was to obtain a print of the old castle, whose black shadows yet haunt-

On the following day, as we were leaving at a very early hour, for York, we were astonished, and a little taken aback, to find that the morning light had battered down that mighty At thirteen she was placed beneath the tutor, tower to about a third of the altitude which had so imposed upon us under the wan, weird light of a misty moon.

Immediately on breakfasting at York, w went up to the Minster, to attend morning service. At first I became awed and bewilder-ed by the vast height and extent, the indescri-bable, almost inconceivable grandeur of this edifice, this "mountain of architecture," and felt glad to solace my oppressed senses within the beautiful choir, listening to the divine muthe beautiful choir, listening to the divine mu-sic of the organ and the chant. The other ceremonials of the service were trifling to me, the discourse which followed, nothing. I had no patience with the man for his weak seronizing. It seemed to me an impertinence, a piece of unpardonable presumption, for any nan to preach in this solemn, mighty, majestic temple, fit alone for music and prayer.

After service, we long wandered through and around the Minster, striving to familiarize ourselves to its exceeding grandeur. Oh! for mastery of vivid thought, for a wealth of picturing words, that I might give you, my dear M-, a noble and clear idea of the greatness, beauty, and magnificence, of this wondrous structure. But a stray bird fluttering bewildered among its gigantic columns and richly wrought arches, were scarcely less capable of repeating the organ notes swelling there, than I of worthily painting the inner or outer glories of its architecture. As the day was exceedingly beautiful, my friend and I took a long walk on the old wall of the city, and an outside survey of the castle,

the most ancient portion of which is so fear fully memorable as the scene of the self-de-struction of thousands of besieged and perse-cuted Jews, in the dark days of old. After visiting the beautiful ruins of St. Mary's Ab bey, we returned to the Minster for afternoon service. This time we did not enter the choir but remained in the nave, wandering slowly through the solemn aisles, under the glory the gorgeous, stained windows, leaning against the majestic pillars, and letting the full flood of grand organ music and swelling anthem sweet the vaulted distances. over our souls, as it sure roof, and rolled down Music, architecture, a me a beautiful one-sou the sound of the first would blind true ideal vision of the unseen splendors around him: and the sight of the two last, triumpl over the sealed sense of the deaf, and translate melody by beauty. It seemed, that could that ism of his genius. So near he seemed, so ing take silent form and pass into visible beaustrangely recent his presence, so inevitable his ty—such majestic, lofty forms, and such radiations coloring they would wear—or religious coloring they would wear—or grand organ-harmony and that glorious singspeedy return, my mind grew bewildered and my heart beat hurriedly and half expectantly could those soft splendors and rich glooms My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked toward the door by which he used to enter. I listened, solve into sound, in billows o

> ly impressive as in an old minster like this As I gazed around me, I thought of the royal plendor, the magnificent array of the beautiful Phillippa's marriage procession, which once swept over where I now stood, and of the warlike pomp of the Third Richard's coronation. when there was a silken surge of banners un der these solemn arches, and the clang of armor and tramp of mailed feet resounded through these aisles. I thought how generation after generation had wondered and worshipped ere-how many centuries of Suns had been glorified in those gorgeous windows—through what countless days had the full-volumed swell of holy sound been here succeeded by awestruck silence—the ebb and flow of melodious adoration—and how, while generation after generation of men had been swept from the earth, kingdoms wasted, dynasties destroyed, religions overturned-this grand type of human aspiration toward the vastness and majesty of the divine life, has endured, in almost its first sacredness and solemnity-a monument of ancient faith, a towered worship, God's

sic as rolled from that grand organ, they would

praise in pillared stone. I have been living very quietly, for the tw weeks past, in one of the most pleasant sub-urbs of London. Yet I fear the beautiful home-life which has made my deepest happi-ness in health and my sweetest consolation in illness while here, is a poor preparation for the new, strange, excitable, restless life of the Con-

One day lately I spent with a delightful party of friends at Hampton Court—that famous old palace of Wolsey. It was considered From Melrose we drove to Dryburgh, where the sun made ample amends for all short-momings, by beaming upon us in mellow, golden brightness. Dryburgh Abbey lies off the public road, within a nobleman's park, deeply embosses of the modern taste is neither truly grand nor highly picturesque. It is a dingy red brick, rambling public road, within a nobleman's park, deeply edifice, or rather a congregation of quaint edification.

beyond description, and among the wildernesses of pictures are many which it is a rare de-light to behold. The cartoons of Raphael are here, and Vandyke's equestrian picture of the First Charles—the grandest portrait in the world. Here are the famous court beauties of Charles II, by Lely and Verelst; pictures too well known to you, through prints, and the charming descriptions of Mrs. Jameson, for me to undertake to reproduce by my most imperfect sketching. Through all those royally

appointed apartments and lofty galleries, there are countless heart-stirring pictures of those whose lives have been woven in threads of silver brightness, or guilty blackness, or tragical blood-redness, into the splendid woof of English history. The grounds about Hampton Court and the Park are the most glorious enclosures I have seen in England. A view, or a walk down the great chestnut avenue, would repay one for a pilgrimage; and all the old rees of the immense demesne are more regally beautiful than you can conceive. They seem onscious of their royal estate-crowned with the glory and majesty of ages.

Bayard Taylor, the noble young poet-tray eller, is now in London, but is soon to leave for a tour in Spain, and a visit to India and China. He is in fine health and spirits since his return from the Orient; seems to have renewed his life from the rich primeval fountains. He goes to "put a girdle round the world," hoping to clasp it in his native land some time next year. his noble intellect in ruins, and the shadow of deep sorrow on his spirit, he fell asleep. So God grant he may! must pray fervently all should he rest among the ruins, where the anwho know, and knowing, prize his warm, manly heart and high adventurous spirit.

The return of Mr. Abbott Lawrence and his family to the United States is regretted alike by their countless English friends and the Americans resident and travelling, who have received from them much kindness and courteous attention. Hearty good wishes and grateful remembrances follow them over the GRACE GREENWOOD.

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For the National Era. THE UNLOVED CHILD. A RHYMED ROMANCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. PUTNAM. PART FIRST-Continued

n costly elegance, within her home, A large assorted library could be found, emposed of many a valued, ponderous tome, And modern works, all finely bound;

Medallions, manuscripts, and coins from Rome, Were also in profusion scattered 'round; But as the family did not tire themselves With reading, the books staid on the shelves-Save when Verona gained an hour of leisure, Which she improved in reading volumes there ; t was to her a more delightful pleasure

Than all her sisters' entertainments rare; Each chosen book became to her a treasure, By which for future life she could prepare and thus, to all the household unbeknown XLVIII.

Ie named her, sneeringly, "My Lady Pewter," o all she said, would angrily dispute her, Although his patience often she entreated and the man who Julia's favor courted. With special pains Verous's faults reported

His heart was pierced with Julia's witching eyes-For she was like most beauties, a coquette-That he'd give the book of some great poet o his most perfect scholar, as a prize, And hoped the others would not feel regret, If one (glancing at Julia) did receive, What he with great felicity should give.

n Julia's cheek the roses bloomed anew The sparkles lemed within her brilliant eve and whispered she within herself, " 'Tis true I'll win that prize; he plainly means that I Verona thought, "I have no hope to try. I'wo other girls, who studied with the misses, Behind the tutor's back, throw at him kisses

Weeks pass away, and on the day appear A troop of friends, who there had been invited, For they had curiosity to hear How the young ladies all recited Julia did not betray the slightest fear And seemed unusually delighted; For she had heard new praises from the later, Who knew precisely what to say to suit her.

First Julia sung and played on the piano And these she flourished off a wondrous crash of Then sweetly lisped a poem from Rousseau, Which she announced had always been her pass Meanwhile taking especial care to show Herself and dress, which was in latest fashion. And next succeeding a short intermission,

Minerva read a lengthy composition. My pupils, now review," the tutor said, And she who perfectly through all replies, Shall of the class be henceforth called the head. Moreover will receive the promised prize-A handsome volume, bound in gilt and red And so we'll now commence the exercise. Friends! to excuse Verona, you will please, As she is quite inferior to these,

Verona blushed, and drooped her eyes with shame And liquid nearly adown her bosom trickled : The girls, who thought it added to their fame, Gased 'round the company, politely tickled; And Julia whispered, "I have thought the same; The child deserves to be severely pickled." But one, a gentleman and stranger guest, Did pitying look, and laughed not with the rest.

They soon began, (concise the tale to tell,) Each answer with the text agreeing. To their surprise, Verona answered well, And suddenly seemed quite another being Minerva missed, her countenance fell-She wept, although the guests were seeing Anon, two other pupils failed likewise, Until but two contended for the prife.

Twas Julia and Verona then alone, And Julia smiled, proudly defiant; But when the answering turn came next her own. She lost: the tutor coughed-and none were riant Then next Verona won' and, on the throne, Received the works of William Cullen Bryant I'll crown our noble Queen !" the stranger said, Then placed a laurel wreath upon her head.

Tis all so strange, it surely is a dream, She murmured low, and fainted in her place The girls, as usual, then bogan to scream, Forgetting all their former airs of grace; While like a serpent's eyes did Julia's gleam And angry blushes mounted to har face. But none assisted, save the stranger guest, Who laid her drooping head upon his breast

He's handsome as a prince," Minerva thought, Remembering her defeat with new regret; then, masking all chagrin, she wily brought Unto Verona, her own vinagrette; Thus the attention of the stranger sought, And smiled as she his approbation met med in noble trees, among which are fices. The grand hall is gorgeously beautiful Then, bending low, with gushing fondness kissed her. Revelations 11, 17.

And soon Verona's eyes did slowly ope, Then mot the stranger's kindly glances; While then and there was born a gleam of hope That after wreathed the brightest fancies So now for sentiment we have full scope, Which is the basis of remances: And if my readers are not over-stupid. They here will recognise the work of Cupid.

It was "a moment finely exquisite," Miss Landon says-" Alas! but only one! The next line here is not quite requisite.) And then she adds, " A snow-drop in the sun. With pleasure I shall recollect this visit," The stranger said, when the last song was done Then bowing to the company, withdrew, And left Verona with emotions new.

That night the maiden in her chamber, kneeling Just where the silver moonbeams brightest shou Outpoured to Heaven her heart's revealing, Which angels hearing, struck a sweeter tone And on the sephyrs, through the rose trose stealing A whisper came that she was not alone; For souls like hers can hear colestial singing. And see, twixt earth and heaven, the angels winging.

As in her white robe there she softly prayed, One might have thought herself an angel now-Her hands upon her snow-white bosom laid, Her hair bound smoothly round her pallid brow blush stole o'er her face, whilere she said, "Before thee, God of Love, I meekly how, To thank thee that one gleam of joy has past Athwart my life, and lightened it at last.

LXIII Thou know'st a darkened lot has e'er been mine Alone! O God! with none to love but thee With those who love me not, I'm doom'd to pine In thy compassion, wilt thou pity me? cling to thee for life, e'en at the vine Lives and soars upward on the parent tree; Thou art my tree, my rock, my stronghold tower; Save me, a sinner, by thy mighty power!"

That simple, child-heart prayer like incense rose To God, before the everlasting throne; In his remembrance did he seal her woes: Gave her a name within a pure, white stone, Which, saving the receiver, no man knows; And henceforth was she numbered with his own Then was her youthful life's most holy chrism, With tears and fire ombalmed in a baptism.

God of the Universe! thou who hast reapt Unto thysolf the souls of all the dead; Thou who, when earth in darkened chaos slept O'or all its face, thy glorious beauty spread-Blessed forevermore! our praise accept, That thou the hapless maiden comforted, And listened to her saddened spirit's call, Who seest emperors and sparrows fall

We bless thee, that when hearts with ills are torn, Prostrate 'neath some heavy cross are bleeding When hearts for the twin heart bereaved do mour 'Mid a cold, hurrying world, unheeding; When pilgrims with long years of care are worn-That there is One, who, for us interceding, Bringeth a balm from out the heart of Heaven, Which heals the grievous wounds by chastening riv

Who is the Lord?" the skeptic reasoner saith; " All things are God, and God liveth in all; No being holds the tenure of my breath ; O'er my free spirit. I confess no theall. But such, when chained in the embrace of Death Oft on the same God for light will callone ray of heavenly light, but to illume The silent chambers of the darkened tomb

LXVIII. What is his word?" another proudly cries; " Not Scripture, but my own all-searching thought, Which writeth truth that in my reason lies On all by holy intuition taught; And Phoenix-like, my ashes shall uprise To a new life, by fire immortal caught. But I'll not undertake to cite the whole. Or part indeed, of such a rigmarole.

A wheel within a wheel," their disquisitions Concerning life and immortality; The Fates deliver us from such logicians, Whose creed is "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee But I will ask such metaphysicians To forgive the undevout hyperbole Though I presume it's not of consequence Enough to cause in them the least offence.

LXX. For they who once have gained the unseen heights Of this devont and holy human reason. Are such immaculate and lefty wights. That they are far above all others' treason Like female champions of "woman's rights, Who are above the fashions of the season, When clothed in those becoming (?) Bloomer dros Yet both preach loudly 'gainst the world's excessed

It is a fault shared by the multitude At least, it is a folly seen in many, Who deem themselves particularly good-That all the mysteries of Earth, Gehenna, Heaven, and whatever else is understood-They read just as the face upon a penny; They know so much, acquired at such great pains It is a marvel that it doesn't burst their brains.

O rara avis!" exclaims Juvenal About the Phoenix, which is a model text To preach at such a wise man's funeral, Who thinks the world e'en as the cipher next Himself, whom he esteems the numeral-At his removal, 'twill as nought be recked That all minds 'round him are mere minions. Transfixed in wonder at his sage opinions.

Simplicity is hallowed, and a faith That simply trusts all issues to the Power Which made a living soul by His own breath, And worships in the changes of each hour, Is that alone which bears the test of death And human life when dark misfortunes lower. It was a kindred, consecrated feeling, That moved Verona, in devotion kneeling

LXXIV In that same hour, another prayer was said. Which rose no higher than a maiden's ears The tutor, by cupidity misled, And not by Cupid, with many graceful tears Was urging Julia himself to wed, And of papa indulge no foolish fears; To fly at once (and here he snatched a kiss) To realms of matrimonial bliss

Now, Julia was betrothed already, Unto a gentleman of twice her age A paragon-wealthy, fat, and steady-Bo very wise, he was surnamed "the sage. But Julia, who was not a little heady, Declined to be imprisoned in that cage The' caught, she fluttered, and would not be holden, the wires were very strong and golden. LXXVI.

And so it came to pass, (alack-the-day !) That when they looked within her usual place They found the bird, unseen, had flown away, Not stopping for a blessing or a grace: Her father then did curses for her pray, And sent three confidential friends in chase; One took such speed, he did not dress but half, One the express, the third did telegraph.

The family blamed Verona, and they said, If she the prise had let her sister win, That Julia would not astray been led,

And so have spared a most disgraceful sin

Worse than death," they added, "if she's gone to The tutor!" "Mamma" then called for wine and

Told the betrothed the shock did quite unnerve her And asked him if he wouldn't wod Minerva.

Thereat the gentleman so wise and burly. His broad breast smote, and wildly tore his hair, Which, by the way, was very short and curly. Although his head was getting rather bare, And looked somewhat like apples red and knurly, But still quite charming, with especial care: Then on love he gave an exegosis, And said his heart was broken all to pieces.

LXXIX By one fell stroke, he had been thus ill-used, The sear of which through all his life would stan The second offer was not quite refused, Which the mamma so suddenly had planned; He thought, however, he must be excused From offering his injured heart and hand : Though Miss Minerva pitied and befriended, The sundered pieces gladly would have mended

The more the lover thought, the more he talked About the perfidy of all the sex; He said, from youth, he ever had been knocked From post to pillar, at their foolish becks; And now, in honored life, the last had mocked Him to the world ! - enough his soul to vex ! When, too, he did as much exceed that tutor, As a large porpoise does the least voluta !

Julia may wed you yet," the mother cried, She cannot stoop to choose that foolish man; (And here the rival lover ground and sighed;) The perfect consummation of our plan, We must not, worthy sir, be now denied." But, at that moment, in Minerva ran, And said that no pursuer yet had met her, But that a servant had just brought a letter.

Papa was called, (for 'twas to him addressed;) With angry brow he stalked into the room, Then broke the seal; 'twas dated, " Lovers' Rost, At twelve o'clock, P. M., beneath the moon. My dear papa," it ran, "I am so blest, So happy, that I cannot think of gloom, In parting from you all, for now I lean Upon the breast of my own Ernestine.

LXXXIII. We're married, pa! Ah! can you realize That you have now another darling child o' now a star has twinkled in the skies, And Ernestine has looked on me and smiled All past resentment in my bosom dies, I feel so truly sweet and calm and mild And say, is it not so with you, papa? You cannot wish our happiness to mar.

'O no' love ma; love your new-married son, And through all future time we'll bless your na We only ran away from home in fun. Because we thought the old way was too tame In such a trivial act as we have done, You surely cannot find a cause for blame. Forgive-and please to send us a remittance, For now we have to live on a more pittance.

My dearest husband is quite poor just now But then our fortunes to improve we hope The day he took upon himself the marriage vow, He lost his purse, and so I had to ope My own-a slender stock I will allow, On which respectably two could clope: And so he has at last been forced to borrow

But he begins a dancing school to-morrow. We should be happy to receive you here In Lovers' Rest-for 'tis a paradise often think of all my friends so dear; Would visit you, most gladly, in a trice And then, papa, if you should seem severe, We'd scamper to our holes like frightened mice; But, knowing you are neither cold nor stately,

I sign myself-Yours, most affectionately. P. S. My Ernestine sends his respects To you and ma, and love to all the rest, And tells me now what he of you expects. So puts your far-famed honor to the test He says, if you will cancel all his debts, And send more funds, that we shan't be distre He'll take the best of care of your doar daughter, And to respect you, shall be ever taught her."

The father threw the letter quickly down, And crushed its folds by angry stamps and king.
He said, "And so that low-bred, cringing clown, Thinks now his plebeian blood with mine to mix Disgracing me and mine to all the town ! The mother soon went off into hysterics. The lover said, "I need no longer doubt," And so politely bowed his presence out.

LXXXIX. Then thus the outraged parent wrote reply "The wife of Ernestine Fitzbutters Skin Is here informed that I in full deny With her, forevermore, relationship And such a claim I'll publish as a lie; All personal suits shall answer with a whip And for that she has thus seen fit to wed, She shall be henceforth disinherited.

A father's curse shall rest upon her life, Which she shall surely one day prove no fiction Privation, labor, tears, torment, and strife, Shall be rewarded for her dereliction; The lot of a poor, thriftless fellow's wife, Is what I give her in my benediction; She shall remember till her dying day, What 'tis a father's will to disobey."

Along with this, a triffing package went, And somewhat privately it was convoyed ; Verona, at the risk of punishment, An effort for her cast-off sister made All her own pocket money freely sent, While o'er her fate she mourned and wep prayed; And within her gift she slipped a little note-

What follows now, resembles what she wrote can't divine what better way to do. I am so grieved that thus from home you part The tears fall nightly on my couch like dew My dreams make me in consternation start, And I am sure I feel a sad pressge. Which I think quite unusual at my age

But, Julia, whether good or ill betide Especially if happens aught of ill, I trust in me you will at once confide And if I can, I'll prove the sister still If you are blest, I shall be gratified, And hope that God your cup of joy will fill So, please yourself and also Mister Skip, believe me ever-Your dear sister."

But if my readers shall desire to know, Hereafter I will on the story dwell. And the results of good and evil show Especially shall narrate what befell Our heroine, and why it happened so. And let me add, though new you fully know it, That I'm a simple rhymer, not a poet, END OF PART PIRST.

The citizens of Norfolk county, Virginia, held a meeting on the 2d instant, and adopted resolutions urging the Legislature at its ensuring session, to adopt measures to rid the State of its free colored population! They also recommended that similar meetings be held black-skinned and woolly-haired." throughout the State.

For the National Era. ORTHODOXY VS SLAVERY

Victor Hugo has a beautifully significant passage in one of his novels, in which a young nan is represented standing, at day-break, in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with a book in his hand. The massive structure be fore him, with its turrets, buttresses, and spires, blending the military with the ecclesiastical types—the fortress with the temple—the feu-dalism of the middle ages with the religion of peace, in barbaric grandeur; and marking, at the same time, the only sphere and outlet of poetic and artistic aspiration of the times in which it was erected. The young man is busy with the contrast between the work before him in solid masonry, and that which he had been perusing in characters still more powerful and enduring-the material with the immaterialthe work with the word—the building with the book—until, kindled into enthusiasm with the grand idea of the intrinsic supremacy of mind, he cries out, "This shall destroy that

A friend, reporting to me a conversation which he had with some Southern gentlemen, in which an apologist of slavery declared his belief that the Bible will at last somehow overturn the system of chattel bondage, along with all the forms of oppression which have come down to us from our ancestors, suggested the parallelism and impressive correspondence of he fine scene of the novelist to which I have alluded.

Ambition and enthusiasm shall take the direction of intellectual achievement hereafter, and poetry and eloquence shall displace archi Thought shall not henceforth build its power and fame into fabrics of stone, but in printed words! It is a striking idea.

And the Bible shall yet destroy the feudal structure of slavery, with all its barbaric grandeur, and twice-strengthened defences! It is likely. Why not? It is the standard of civilized sentiment. Conscience gravitates toward its morals with a force proportioned to its light; and the holiest sanctions are waiting there to incite men to their highest duties. Interpretations which accommodate the code to the conduct of unworthy believers are nothing in the way of its final triumph. Men feel, nevertheless, that there is a better way, a

These reflections arose as I laid down a book entitled "The Unity of the Human Races, proved to be the doctrine of Scripture, Reason and Science, with a Review of the Present Po sition and Theory of Professor Agassiz. By the Rev. Thomas Smith, D. D." The work is dedicated to the Literary Conversation Club of Charleston, S. C., "by whom the subject has been repeatedly and pleasantly discussed, with feelings the most harmonious, amid opinions the most discordant."

Now, this topic discussed so harmoniously in that Conversation Club is worthy of remark and the hope which I have made my text takes some encouragement from the circumstance. Professor Agassiz (along with Dr. Morton. Mr. Gliddon, and some other distinguished men of science) has made himself responsible for the doctrine of a diversity of species, and a number of primal parentages, for what have been heretofore termed the varieties of men, or various races of the human family.

question, and the Negro race is, of course, the debatable ground. The friends of the Bible, as it is commonly eccived, are bound to maintain that Eve i the mother of all living," and that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwall on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

In the argument of his proposition, the au thor of this work is carried something farther into the doctrine of fraternity and equality of the races than we might expect for pleasant and harmonious discussions by a Literary Con versation Club of South Carolina gentlemen. I will put down a few points that struck me as unexpected in the notions of such a party. The specific character of man is given in

that image of God in which, as it is solemnly and repeatedly declared, he was made." "It is as unphilosophical as it is degrading to our nature, to limit the criterion of man's species to his material constitution, in forgetfulness of his spiritual. In both, he is found to be essentially elevated in organization and endowments above all animals."

Dr. Tiedeman is quoted with unqualified approbation for the following conclusions, drawn from a laborious analysis of the comparative size of the brain and skull of the negro and European races:

nium, the skull of the negro, in general, is not smaller than that of the European and other human races, and the opposite opinion is ill-founded, and entirely refuted by my researches. 3. In the form and structure of the well-possessed spinal cord, the negro accords in every way with that of the European, and shows no difference, except that arising from the different size of the body. 4. The cerebellum of the negro, in regard to its outward form, fissures, and lobes, is exactly similar to that of the European. 5. The cerebrum has, for the most part, the same form as that of the European 6. The brain, in internal structure, is composed of the same substance. 7. The brain of the negro is not smaller, compared as to size, nor their nerves thicker. 8. The analogy of the brain of the negro to that of the ourang outang is not greater than that of other races except it be in the greater symmetry of the gyri and sulci, which I very much doubt. 9
As these features of the brain indicate the de gree of intellect and faculties of the mind, we must conclude that no innate difference in the intellectual faculties can be admitted to exist between the Negro and European races. 10. The opposite conclusion is founded on the very facts which have been sufficient to secure the degradation of this race. 11. The more interior and natural the negroes are found in Africa, they are superior in character, in arts, in habits, and in manners, and possess towns, and litera-ture to some extent. Whatever, therefore, (as Robinson says,) may be their tints, their soul are still the same. Professor Caldwell is quoted, with the like

approbation and reliance, for these sentiments Contrasting the Negro and Caucasian races he says: In both individuals, however, we find the brain, which we regard as the seat of the moral principles, precisely alike, except that in is seated neither in the skin, the nose, the lips, nor the bone of the leg. Being an intellectual rather than a corporeal quality, it is believed to be the offspring of the brain, which, except in point of size, is precisely the same in the

This alleged parity of anatomical structure is sustained by ample quotations from half dozen of other distinguished naturalists and medical authorities. Next, three chapters are devoted to the proof

of the former civilization of the black races of men. The necessity of this proof turns upon the point that "it is impossible for us to con-ceive that God would leave any race of men to enter upon their career, under circumstances which would necessitate their barbarous degradation; and we are compelled, therefore, to believe that the first condition of mankind was one of civilization." Hence the negroes must In the development of this topic, we have the

following among other noteworthy positions:
"The aborigines of Hindostan were a race of negroes, or were in hair and features certainly analogous to them." "Herodotus speaks of the straight-haired Ethjopians, while at the same time he instances the negro caste of the same race in the inhabitants of the Colchic region, at the foot of Mount Caucasus, upon the Pontus Euxinus; of whom he says, they are black-skinned and woolly-haired." The author

remote times for their high civilization and the

perfection of their manufactures. Aristotle and Herodotus describe the Egyptians-to whom Homer, Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato, resorted for wisdom-as having the black skin, the crooked legs, the distorted feet, and woolly hair of the negro. The truth seems to be, that the most ancient Egyptians really did have more or less of the uliar characteristics of the negro race Pharaoh's daughter, the bride of speaks very emphatically of her own blackness of complexion." To the same effect, "Dr. Pritchard has brought together, with great learning and industry, all the ancient testimo nies that can illustrate this question, and has examined and collated them so carefully, that nothing further can be expected from this quarter. The results are thus summed up . We may consider the general results of the facts which we can collect concerning the physical characters of the ancient Egyptians be this: that the national configuration prevailing in the most ancient times, was nearly the negro form, with woolly hair. But that in a later age this character had become considerably modified and changed, and that a part of the population of Egypt resembled the modern Hindoos. The general complexion was

black, or at least a dusky hue." Numberless other authorities are adduced. which may be summed up in the opinion of Sir William Jones, "that the remains of architecture and sculpture in India seem to prove an early connection between that country and Africa:" and in that of "Hamilton Smith, who fully adopts the opinion that the negro, or woolly-haired type of man, was the most habitants of Asia as far north as the lower

range of the Himmalava mountains. Our author sums up: "The unity of the hu man races, for which we contend earnestly, is therefore the identical origin of all mankindoriginally from Adam and Eve, and subsequently from Noah and his sons. It is in this point of view the question becomes one of fundamental importance and transcendent interest to every human being, both as it regards the life that now is, and also that which is to come. The relations of all men, of every race and form, to the same original head and representativenarrower path within the way of a general obedience, and they will find it as their eyes tion in all the consequences of the fall and in open to the light. The Bible will yet destroy all the benefits of redemption, and the common rights, privileges, and obligations, to which as spiritual and immortal beings all are destined— these are the great and glorious principles involved in this doctrine, and with which the truth of Scripture must stand or fall." is also the foundation on which is erected the claims of charity, love, and all the offices of Christian philanthropy. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and 'honor ALL men.'" That will do for a Charleston clergyman and

its Conversation Club!! It is obvious that it is the imperilled Bible. and its authority as a historical and doctrinal oracle, which stirs up this zealous championship of universal human fraternity and negro equality. The assaults of science drive the Christian commentator beyond the religious generalities of the dogma, and open up the investigation in particulars which must command their immediate moral consequences in the practical relations held by the master to the slave; for the Bible proposition is not merely that in the future world the negro may be ad-The battle is fought on the borders of the mitted to an equal heaven, as a mutter of indescent from the first pair, and by partaking of the one flood of the human race, equal rights here, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-

The Rev. Dr. Smith puts down in his book guage of Dr. Tiedeman: "Judging by the capacity of the crania, the brain of some of our incivilized British ancestors was not more de veloped than the average sized negro's brain and, considered even as they are now observed Sir Charles Owen is of opinion that there is no which could support an inference that the Ethiopian race would not profit by the same influences, favoring mental and moral improvement, which have tended to elevate the primi

ively-barbarous white races." This is manifestly a just and inevitable inference of the doctrine of the original unity of the races. If circumstances have effected the differ ences now existing, nothing hinders the resto ration to a like unity and equality in the end; and the duty of philanthropists and Christians toward these their brethren is unequivocal and imperative.

It will be of no consequence in the argument that "Abraham held slaves;" that "Christ and his apostles passed by the system of Asiatic slavery, existing in their day, without special remark or rebuke." The principle cannot lie "1. In regard to size, the brain of the negro remark or rebuke." The principle cannot lie is at large as that of Europeans and other na idle forever; it must work wherever it can, and the contrary instances and authorities of the sacred books must be disposed of, in harmony with the great leading idea of human consanguinity, about which the strife gathers to a

I do not believe, for myself, that the rights and duties of men depend upon the identity of at upon the intrinsic conorigin of the rasomehow, no matter, to this question of rights and duties, how. The purposes and destiny for which He made them all, are clearly indicated by the several capacities which he has given them. Every wheel and pulley in the mechan ism of life, human, animal, and vegetable, was intended to work. Whoever hinders the free play of the least spring of action in any soul, rustrates the intention of the Creator. the enemy of God and of man, and must be converted or destroyed. It is of no consequence to me, therefore, whether Agassiz or Dr. Smith has the truth of their controversy; it is of no consequence whether the negro's brain is great or small—whether his faculties are high or low, they are his, and not mine, or any other man's; and it is sin against God and Nature to abridge their proper liberty, and hinder their possible development. Such a work of ruin nust end in ruin.

But, right or wrong in the particular specu-lation which we have been considering, as a Bible doctrine it is likely that this Book shall yet destroy that system.

UNCLE TOM IN GERMANY

The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung has a long review of Uncle Tom's Cabin, bestowing on it the highest praise. We translate a few paragraphs:

"For a long time," says the writer, "we have not read a book that has affected us so deeply, or so continuously enchained our interest; we forget the bad Yankee-English, and overlook the many inequalities of the style, in the profound truth to Nature which prevails from beginning to end. The Abolitionist party in the United States should vote the author a eivic crown; for a more powerful ally than Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her remance they could not have. This romance deserves the immense popularity it has attained in two Europe as well as in America for it is drawn from the life, and touches the most vital chords in the reader's soul.

"There are questions of principle, before whose iron truth all the so-called 'practical' petty views which the narrowness and materialism of the age make so great parade of, shrink into silence. Such a question of principle is that of negro emancipation in America. It is so great a disgrace to humanity, that, among a people who call themselves Christian and civilized, and in a confederation which so and civilized, and in a confederation which so often sets itself up as a model for the States of old Europe, there should be hundreds of thousands of human beings robbed of every right of man, subject to the most brutal caprice, and without circumlocution or disguise treated as mere things and merchandise. This, we say, is so immense a disgrace, that the State poll ted by it, and which protects it and cherishes it by laws and institutions sanctioned by republican representatives of the people, thereby